

(7) [11-1]

# A N S W E R

## To the AUTHOR of Humble Thanks for His Majesties Gracious Declaration FOR LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE.

**T**Wixt Heaven and thee, how sprung these fatal jars,  
That thou (*Poor Robin*) rail'st against the Stars?  
To thee what have their influences done,  
With so much zeal to bark against the Moon?  
On Heavens *Tables* if thou knew'st what's writ  
As well as on the Earthly what is set,  
We would allow thou might'st the feud maintain,  
Enabled by the belly not thy brain:  
These things, alas, transcend thy scrutiny,  
Their Language is but Arabick to thee;  
Thou that could'st never yet higher advance,  
Then *Dod*, and *Cleaver*, and the *Concordance*.  
Thou know'st not that the *Square* of *Mercury*  
To *Mars* afflicts a *Punmer's* brain, yet we  
Find it alas, to be too true in thee.  
We know what *Saturn* did at *Barthol'mew*,  
And some are of opinion so do you:  
In those *Dog-days* had been the fittest time  
To curse thy Stars (*Poor Robin*) in lewd rime;  
*Mount Ano* for *Parnassus* then had gone,  
Thou might'st have made with tears an *Helicon*,  
And fetch'd a *Pegasus* from *Abingdon*.  
But Now to rave, when a propitious ray  
Has shin'd on thee, and turn'd thy night to day;  
Now that the *Claret-dispensation's* come,  
And thou may'st vie for *Toe* with *Him* at *Rome*;  
Assum'd the pristine Rubies of thy beauty,  
And art made capable of being gouty:

What is it less then when no foe was near us,  
With so much heat to cry out, *Curse ye Meroz!*  
What have those Reverend *Prelates* done to thee

Thus to blaspheme their pious memory?  
*Gloc'ster*, and learned *Darham's* name shall live,  
When thine in *Grubstreet* hardly shall survive.  
Unmanner'd man! in Stars, and Men, ill read,  
To trample on the Ashes of the *Dead!*

Well! since the *Royal Clemency* has given  
Each man his leave to choose his way to Heaven,  
Clean, and unclean Beasts into one *Ark* driven:  
Since pressing i'th' *Church-Militant* disappears,  
And all men now are Gospel *Volunteers*;  
Since we are all united, let's agree,  
Think you no worse of us, then of you, we;  
For by your foul reflections we'r afraid,  
You write the *Good Old Cause* in *Masquerade*.  
Instead of bonds and persecution,  
Wherewith you us'd to make the Pulpit groan,  
Thank our kind *Prince* who with compassionate eyes  
Look'd down and pittied your infirmities.

This may be done without or Rope, or Bell,  
And thus Dear *Dogg'rel*, heartily farewell.

From the Star in  
*Colemanstreet*,  
LONDON.

SIR,

Yours, Y. Z.

With Allowance, May 6. 1671.